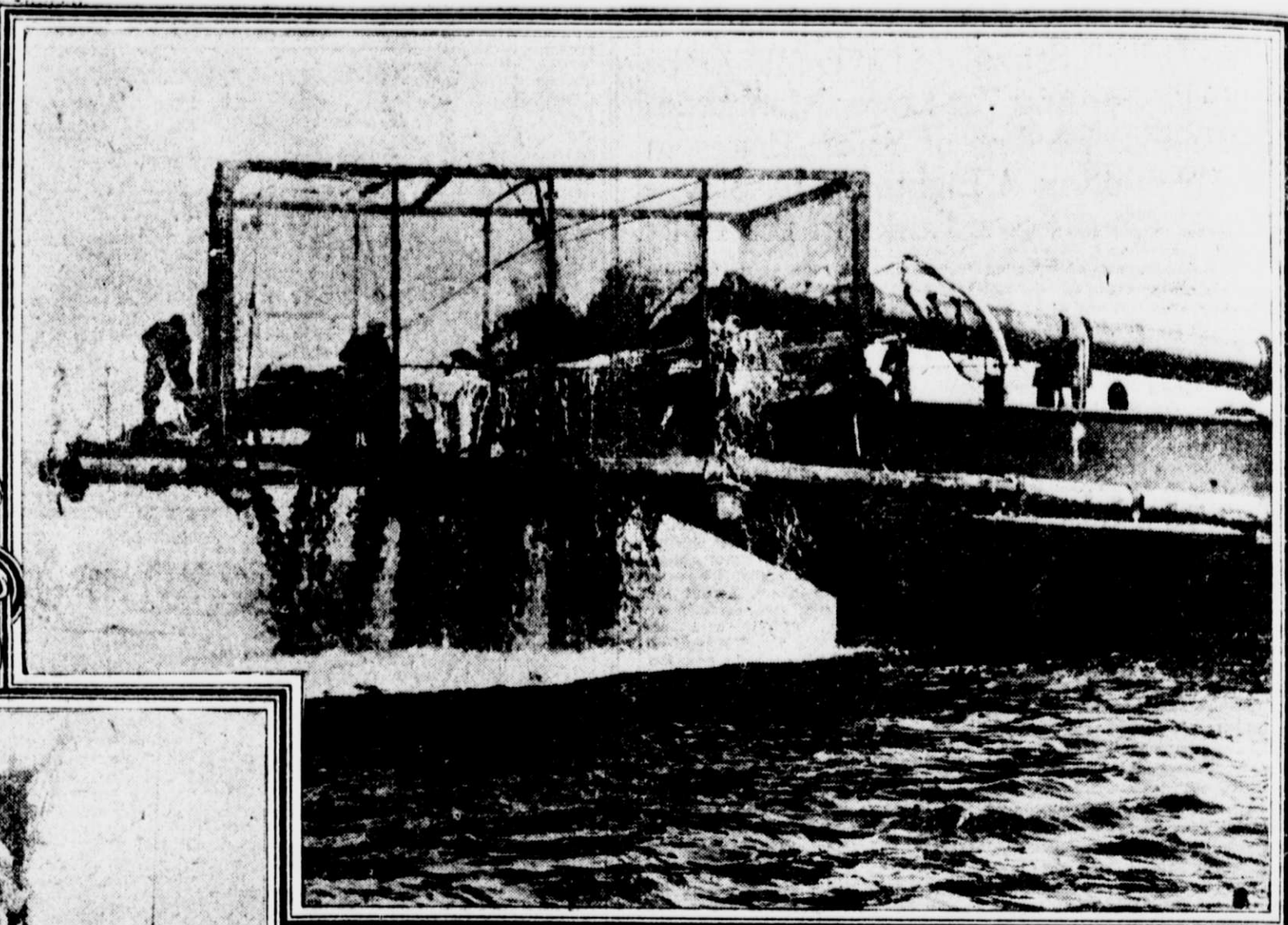


AGAIN AT CENTURY OLD SEARCH FOR FRIGATE'S GOLD



Captain Gardiner, Commanding the Steamer "Lyons" and the old Dutch Diver Who Recovered More Than \$100,000 Worth of Bullion in a Single Day in 1858.



The Great Sifting Cage at the Stern of the Salvage Steamer "Lyons".

English Sailors This Year Expect to Get Treasure From Hulk of La Lutine, Sunk in Shifting Sands of Zuyder Zee in October of 1799—Work in 1910 Uncovered Wreck, but Merest Chance Revealed Pile of Cannon Balls Weighing Down Mass of Bullion

NEWS comes to us across the water from the coast of Holland that English sailors are likely any day to uncover the long buried treasure of the English frigate La Lutine. The search for the gold and silver that sank in that ship at the entrance to the Zuyder Zee in October of 1799 has continued intermittently for more than a century.

That the frigate was laden with a precious cargo has been proved by the aggregate recovery of quite half a million dollars worth of bullion and coin. The fascinating part of the whole story, however, lies in the fact that no one knows how much treasure the ship actually carried at the time she foundered on that stormy night early in October a hundred and thirteen years ago.

It has been this uncertainty, coupled with the specie and bullion recovered, that has inspired the various enterprises which have sought the riches in the past, and should the present salvors make good, as now seems to be probable, then a mystery of more than a hundred years standing will be solved.

If you have ever indulged in the dissipation of solitude, then you can understand just how Oppenheim's cousin, Pierre Eschazier, lost himself day after day in the early part of the last century in playing a little game of his own which told him an amazing story of the fabulous wealth gripped in the sand covered hulk of La Lutine off the island of Terschelling. We are interested in the game which absorbed that worthy official guardian of wrecks.

Before the frigate sank so deep in the sands that the crude salvage implements available could reach some of the riches a number of bars of gold and silver were recovered. Of these one hundred gold bars bore nineteen different marks in the form of initials and numerals and ninety-nine silver bars bore five different marks indicating the bankers that had shipped them. Now the numbers in the case of each "initial lot" did not run consecutively—naturally they were recovered by chance and at haphazard—but in two cases bars were brought to the surface with different initials impressed with numbers showing a range from one to one hundred.

The worthy Pierre Eschazier often figured that the consignments must have included a complete sequence, and that the missing numbers were still in the wreck. By this alluring calculating the Oppenstrandvonder figured that La Lutine left the English port of Yarmouth with 1,999 gold bars and 520 silver bars on board. Each gold bar was worth about \$3,250 and each silver bar \$555. This gave to the persevering Dutchman a total of gold and silver bullion to the value of \$6,601,590, not including any coin.

However, this vision of wealth was reduced by repudiating the theory that every consignment ranged from one to 190, and in counting instead the missing numbers lying between the lowest and the highest mark found upon each lot that had been salvaged. But even so, Pierre Eschazier's game of solitude worked out most gratifyingly. It indicated 29 gold bars and seventy-nine silver bars still to be reclaimed from the old wreck. This meant that the successful wrecker stood to reap a fortune of \$1,096,245. Such, in brief, is the debatable wealth which the National Salvage Association of England is within reach of.

The most fruitful year for the treasure hunters was that of 1858, and during the summer season gold and silver bars and coin to the value of quite £38,000 sterling were brought up by the divers. One of the men engaged in the undertaking at that time still survives. He is 95 years old and pulled out of the wreck in one day more than \$100,000 worth of treasure bars. In his persistence he was nearly buried below water by the shifting sands and narrowly escaped paying with his life for that precious bullion. Storms put a stop to the work then until the next year, and the salvage efforts of 1859 were not very rich in recoveries. Since then all succeeding efforts until the present one have been unprofitable the wreck having sunk deeper year by year in sand until it was covered to feet and with two fathoms more of water above this sand at low tide.

The restless sweep of the waters flowing to and from the Zuyder Zee has made salvage operations heretofore practically prohibitive. The shifting sands filled the excavations almost as rapidly as the holes were dredged.

However, notice suction dredges have succeeded occasionally in burrowing through the overlying forty feet of sand; but alas! in latter years it has been impossible to locate the stern of the ship from which the bars of bullion previously reclaimed were gathered. The treasure, even as it were, had disappeared as if the ocean were reluctant to yield any more of La Lutine's original cargo of riches. This was the puzzling part of the change wrought by time.

Such was the situation when the National Salvage Association started operations upon the Dutch coast in the late summer of 1910.

Another thing that added to the uncertainty of the enterprise was the fact that the boats marking the site of the wreck had shifted and the cross bearings from shore were taken too far off to be accurate over the deceptive water. We shall see how the salvors set about getting around the difficulties and also how their actual engagement upon the work was largely a matter of chance.

The National Salvage Association was organized for the purpose of working upon some well known wrecks off the west coast of Africa, and the channel steamer Lyons, a vessel of less than 500 tons, was especially equipped with large salvage pumps for these tasks. Before leaving England it was necessary that the ship should be inspected by Lloyd's representatives and her pumps were given a test in their presence. They worked so well that Lloyd's Association, which had an interest in the wreck of La Lutine, asked that the Lyons be detailed to make a trial on the hulk of the old frigate, and the salvage ship as a side venture was despatched to the coast of Holland.

Thus luck entered into the very first stages of the enterprise; the people of the Lyons didn't expect to find the wreck or the long sunken treasure, but they thought they would make a good try for the elusive riches. How well they succeeded is worth the telling. It is another instance of what perseverance will directed may accomplish.

For some years after La Lutine foundered her hull was only partly imbedded in the sand, but as time went on it sank deeper and deeper until it finally came to a halt on the underlying hard clay bottom. In settling down into the semi-fluid sand the wreck shifted from its original position, and when resting at last on the clay it was at some distance from the point indicated by the buoys and the cross bearings on shore. In fact, even the Hollanders did not know precisely where the wreck lay. This was the state of affairs when the Lyons arrived, and Capt. Gardiner, commanding the salvage craft,

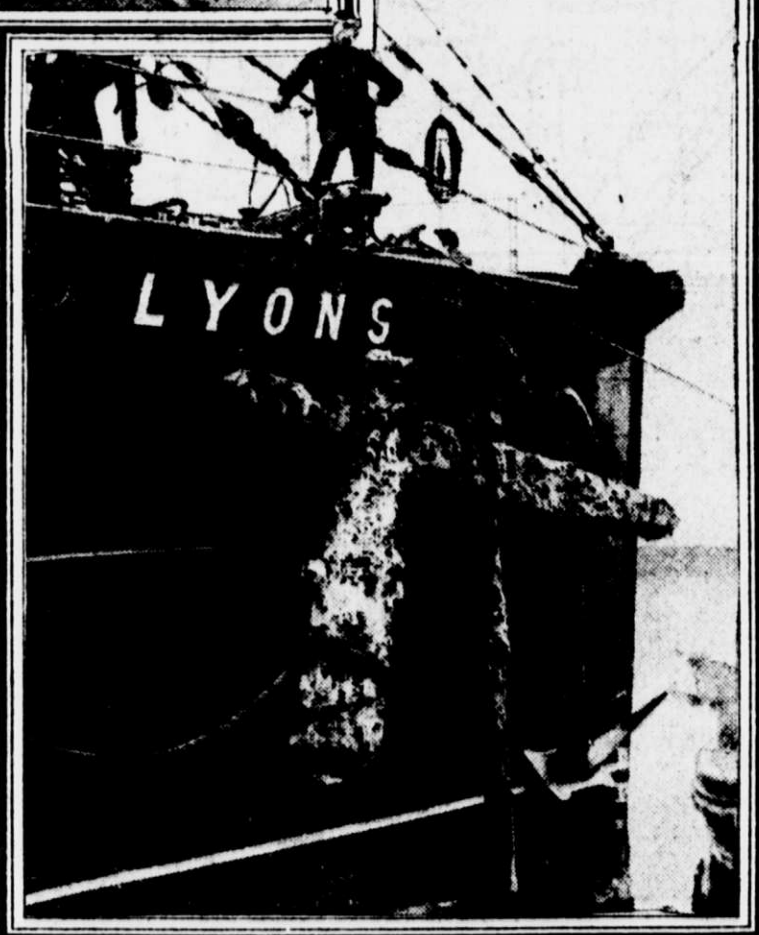


Diver Preparing to Descend to Sunk Treasure Ship, The Metal Cage Rising From Below With "Tinds."

first carefully questioned the native fishermen to get the benefit of all they knew about La Lutine. As a result he was able to establish the approximate area in which the hulk was to be found, and this gave him a pretty fair idea of the work before him. It was a hopeless task to dredge indiscriminately within that zone. Operations had to be systematized and carried out in a manner likely to yield successful results. This is how Capt. Gardiner did the trick.

A big ten-ton block of cement was cast and to it was secured a mooring ring. This was dropped overboard within the promising area, and the Lyons was secured to it instead of to an anchor. At first she was held close to the block, and her powerful suction pump set to work burrowing in a circle around this pivotal point. The circle widening day by day as the operations continued. All of the sand that was brought up was exhausted overboard, thus forming a bulwark around the craterlike excavation which was daily growing in diameter at the top and bottom. This bulwark guarded the hole against the sweep of the tides which otherwise would have refilled the cavity during the hours of idleness enforced by unfavorable weather conditions. Setbacks of this sort were common with previous salvors. After weeks of intermittent work the Lyons dredged away something like 6,000,000 tons of sand and had made a hole 300 feet across at the top and 100 feet wide on the clay bottom. During this dredging, the salvors uncovered the remains of the hulk of La Lutine.

They found an abundance of iron shot, an anchor, several old cannon and a variety of metallic miscellany of no great value among these some five shilling pieces and copper coins. The guns when brought to the surface were found to be loaded and shotted plainly indicating that the British frigate was ready for the French cruisers should they attack her.



Bringing Up One of the Guns and One of the Anchors of the Old "Lutine".

But notwithstanding the most careful examination of the wreck and the surrounding area, no trace was discovered of gold or silver bars, and the entire after section of the hulk had disappeared. This, as we know, was the part of the ship in which

the treasure had originally been stored. To be sure, the Lyons's pumps had amply demonstrated their capacity to dredge away sand—in fact they had swept the surface of the hard clay until it was as smooth as a ball room floor; but that was not what the salvage plant had been sent there to accomplish. The salvors, just the same, were nearer to the long sought riches than they realized.

The season was nearing the close for further working—the fall storms were likely to come before a great while and it was necessary to keep the pumps going night and day. The clay waterbed was cleared level except for an obstinate hump that lay well forward on the port bow of the wreck, and this was smooth in its contours. There was nothing outwardly to suggest that it was worthy of critical examination. However, sheer chance proved to the contrary.

It was about midnight and the deck officer yawning through the sleep monotony of his watch, when suddenly he found that the ship had backed up against her usual course and was crowding some of the suction hose out of water and into a cramped position. At that time the intake of the dredge had been jammed up against the mound, which lay on the left of the wreck, and the underlip of the suction had dug a foot or so beneath the clay and the edge of that obstacle. Almost at the same time the man at the sifting cage aft signalled to Mr. Miller that something had come up.

Apparently the object was nothing more valuable than a piece of iron rust of about ten pounds in weight. The only thing of possible interest in that lump of iron oxide was that it had seemingly been formed over a small rectangular object and bore the impress of that body. At first the deck officer was not disposed to disturb the captain, but his orders were plain: the captain wanted to be called if anything happened.

Accordingly the mass of rust was carried to his cabin and the commander lost no time in examining it carefully. When the surfaces of the impress were cleaned they glared here and there with bright specks, then excitement prevailed. These shiny bits were dug out with a pen-knife and dropped into a glass vessel containing acid; they proved to be gold. There was but one inference to be drawn, the iron oxide had formed over a bar of gold. Everybody aboard of the Lyons felt sure that the treasure could now be reached in a brief while, but the sea had put a very substantial obstacle in their way.

The next morning the mound was attacked with vigor and lifting tackle was attached to some of the water logged ribs, which were uncovered after considerable labor. Strange as it may seem, these plainly showed by their form that they had been part of the original afterbody of the British frigate, but how came that stern to be out of its proper relative position and forward on the port or left side of the hulk? It is not certain whether the main body of the hull was driven seaward or the after body forced forward by the tides, but it was plain that the stern had been separated from the rest of the ship and turned bottomside up.

one night near the end of September, and finally gained strength enough to blow the Lyons contrariwise and back against the tide. True, this was unusual, but there was nothing to arouse curiosity or wonderment in this action of the wind.

The captain had gone below and left the ship in charge of the second officer, C. H. Miller, with instructions to awaken him should anything happen. The night was dark, the Lyons held her lonely station and the light upon Terschelling blinked its message of watchfulness. The ship was quiet but for the low hum of the dynamos and the splash of the dark water pouring overboard astern from the pumps—passing back to the sea through a great eagle-like sieve which had been built to catch the least thing of value. Down over the side of the Lyons, below the surface of the water, the electric submarine lamp cast its zone of illumination for the guidance of the divers at work.

It was about midnight and the deck officer yawning through the sleep monotony of his watch, when suddenly he found that the ship had backed up against her usual course and was crowding some of the suction hose out of water and into a cramped position. At that time the intake of the dredge had been jammed up against the mound, which lay on the left of the wreck, and the underlip of the suction had dug a foot or so beneath the clay and the edge of that obstacle. Almost at the same time the man at the sifting cage aft signalled to Mr. Miller that something had come up.

Apparently the object was nothing more valuable than a piece of iron rust of about ten pounds in weight. The only thing of possible interest in that lump of iron oxide was that it had seemingly been formed over a small rectangular object and bore the impress of that body. At first the deck officer was not disposed to disturb the captain, but his orders were plain: the captain wanted to be called if anything happened.

Accordingly the mass of rust was carried to his cabin and the commander lost no time in examining it carefully. When the surfaces of the impress were cleaned they glared here and there with bright specks, then excitement prevailed. These shiny bits were dug out with a pen-knife and dropped into a glass vessel containing acid; they proved to be gold. There was but one inference to be drawn, the iron oxide had formed over a bar of gold. Everybody aboard of the Lyons felt sure that the treasure could now be reached in a brief while, but the sea had put a very substantial obstacle in their way.

The next morning the mound was attacked with vigor and lifting tackle was attached to some of the water logged ribs, which were uncovered after considerable labor. Strange as it may seem, these plainly showed by their form that they had been part of the original afterbody of the British frigate, but how came that stern to be out of its proper relative position and forward on the port or left side of the hulk? It is not certain whether the main body of the hull was driven seaward or the after body forced forward by the tides, but it was plain that the stern had been separated from the rest of the ship and turned bottomside up.

up. In doing this the cannon balls, which were in the magazine below the treasure storeroom, were dumped in a big pile over the bulwark, thus burying it under them. The disappearance of the treasure was explained; no wonder dredging where the stern should normally have been was unproductive of paying results.

So far, so good, but the gold was not yet to be had by the seekers. During the long years the hulk had rested beneath that heap of cannon balls the sea water had rusted those ancient missiles, and bound them tightly together by a cement of iron rust. This was too strong for the charges of dynamite which the salvors used in the closing days of last year's working season. The Dutch authorities had hoped the salvors in the use of the explosive, in fact, a subterfuge had to be resorted to to carry the dynamite from its hiding place in the sand ashore to the point of submarine operation. Unfortunately it was impossible to do this with the facilities available on the Lyons; the ponderous mass of rust unit of cannon balls. The salvors were forced to quit further efforts last fall, and the hulk was left in that tantalizing condition.

Once more the swirling tides of the North Sea and the outpouring of the Zuyder Zee conspired to nullify the labors of the Lyons and her persevering personnel. During the past winter and the early spring the sea was driven back into the excavation and many of the dredging had to be done over, and in some official difficulties had to be surmounted in getting permission to carry dynamite and to use it upon the wreck. The local Hollanders have long had generation upon a hulk of La Lutine as their rightful property, and the English men of the Lyons have found but little encouragement from the natives of the nearby islands of Vlieland and Terschelling. Apart from that, the channel was leading from the North Sea into the Zuyder Zee between these two islands are shifting more or less all the time, and the hydrographic authorities are obliged to change the buoys accordingly. Since the Lyons arrived, however, her dredging has aggravated these conditions, and therefore the undertaking has aroused a certain amount of friction, adding as it has, to the hazards of navigation which at best is difficult and not devoid of dangers.

When the intake of the Lyons's suction broke off that piece of telltale iron rust the salvors had about exhausted their patience, their hope of reaching anything worth the while had pretty nearly petered out, and the very nature of the season announced an early halt to the enterprise. The growing strength of an early fall gale upset the usual plan of the circling Lyons and by mere chance the probable treasure pile was stumbled on. Chance too had taken the ship to the mouth of the Zuyder Zee in the first place, and luck alone saved the lump of enlightening rust from breaking up in the pump and passing overboard again without revealing anything.

It certainly looks as if fortune had watched over this particular salvage effort and cleared the way in part for the recovery of the riches which so long have eluded others. Now reports tell us that gold may be brought to the surface any day, and many wonder to what measure this will be done. Is all of it under that pile of rusted cannon balls or is some of it been left elsewhere in hiding among the sands through which the wreck has worked its way in the decades gone. Will the old hulk or rather the outline area of sea bed continue to allure the seekers after sunken wealth? No one knows how much the ship carried on that fateful October 9, 1799, when she left England for Hamburg to help break the tightness of the money market and departed secretly that the French might not know of her mission.

It is a matter of record upon the testimony of a diver who examined the wreck in 1862 that just below the sand outside of the ship an area of twelve feet square was discovered which was literally packed with bars of silver. They were packed together so securely that the diver could not separate them, and that was the last day that the weather permitted salvage operations. It is certain that those bars of silver are not buried below the cannon balls which have opposed the present salvors. Isn't it possible that gold bars too may be in the neighborhood of the silver hoard? Even while the gold hunters were reckoning meaning their gold and La Lutine rests in its vicinity of sand more than a century and continues to enshroud the problem of its original precious cargo in alluring mystery.

ANDREW STRONG IN NEGATIVE

"I talk about what's whiskey and what's not whiskey, and I'm not a bit of a drinker," said Andrew Strong, a young man who arrived here yesterday aboard an Anchor Line steamer from Greenock, Scotland. "No, that's not anything but the strongest faith in and the greatest admiration for Dr. Wiley, but, my dear, I should not be lashed like him in trying to secure a man from his bit of merriment, with a fancy spiel about a 'these ingredients and such things.'"

Now, at home in Scotland we have had instances where a man has had verily spit a pickle whiskey that was not a 't' that might be, but as a crony of mine, called Willie Ainslie, once says: 'Andrew,' he says, 'there's not such a thing as bad whiskey. Some of the blindest are a wee thingless palatable than others, as the saying is, but I never tasted whiskey that was real bad.'

"But mind ye, I'm not trying to take umbrage at Dr. Wiley's deceptions. I'm only acquainted with an old Scotch whiskey and it's only a passing acquaintance, as ye might say, we stuff that whiles, we still ourselves on the o' t' in the Heelands. It's a grand beverage. When a man's feeling a wee bit, about three fingers, or maybe fower, he'll warm up the cookies of his hair like nothing else in this world."

"This technical dissertation on what you

call 'whiskey' is remissive, now we speak of it, o' a question that has troubled me and fairly heckled many o' the greatest minds in a' o' bonnie Scotland for many a long day. The question is: 'When a man fouds' And Archie McNair, a ballie o' Aberfeldie and a headle o' the free Kirk, is no' a man that ye could say is addicted, in any sense o' the word, to strong drink, but his gude wife and his dochter, Teenie, as sony a lassie as ye could clap your eyes on, have threat to him often in my vera presence, that he whiles gets over foud.

"Now, the ballie is the next thing to a teetotaler. He'll take a bit dram' the mornin' when he gets up maybe, and he might nipp himself a drap afore breakfast to kittle his appetite. Then he might hae about a thimbleful after his breakfast and maybe a taste afore dinner. Between dinner and supper I would na' say he's drink more than two or three bit nips, and a friendly glass or so wi' a crony i' the evening and a night-cap afore retiring is a' the ballie ever takes when he's at home. Of course he dis na' travel under these restrictions, although in spite o' a' that his gude wife and his dochter tell him, I could na' say I ever saw the ballie foud. I'm frae Aberfeldie myself."

As an interpretation of the condition of the ballie, it is a much more proper term

NEVER REACHED NEW ORLEANS

"Uncle" Jackman Cooper, a picturesque character who lived in a Southern State, was very fond of stories, but an exceedingly tedious story teller. He wanted to acquaint you with the family history of each of his characters and all of the collateral details were very important. He would brook no interruptions in his narratives.

In the early days, when steamboats first began to ply between Pittsburgh and New Orleans, "Uncle" Jackman went from Pittsburgh to New Orleans by boat. He attempted to narrate his trip many times, but never got below Cairo with his story. So several of his old cronies decided that Uncle Jackman should have a chance to get to New Orleans with his story.

They got a jug of good whiskey and repaired to Jack Pifer's store on a Saturday evening after closing time, prepared to hear it if it took until Monday morning. "Uncle" Jackman started off by giving the name of the boat, where it was built and the names of the crew, where they were born, names of their fathers, maiden names of their mothers, and told who each member of the crew